

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Which caused Justice to be Done to the
Extent of Nine Dollars.

In the smoking car, along with half a dozen others of us, was an engineer who was going down to Peoria, and after a time the judge started to draw him out by saying:

"I presume you have had your share of close shaves, along with other engineers?"

"I have, sir," was the reply.

"Been in many smash ups?"

"A full dozen, I guess."

"Any particular adventure that might be called wonderful?"

"Why, yes, I did have one," replied the man after relighting his old cigar stump.

"I didn't think it any great shave myself, but the boys cracked it up as something extra."

"Let us hear about it," said the judge, as he passed him a Havana.

"Well, one day about three years ago I was coming west with the lightning express and was running to make up lost time. Down here about twenty miles two roads cross, as you will see, and there are a lot of switches and side tracks. I had just whistled for the crossing and put on the brakes when the coupling between the tender and the engine broke."

"At the same moment something went wrong with old No. 40, and I could not get it out of steam. So I sprang away like a flash, and as she struck the crossing she left the track and entered a meadow filled with stumps."

"Good heavens!"

"She kept a straight course for about forty rods, smashing the stumps every second, and then leaped a ditch, struck the rails of the D. and R. road, and after a wabble or two settled down and ran for two miles."

"Amazing! Amazing!"

"Then, at a crossing, she left the metals, entered a cornfield, and, bearing to the right, plowed her way across the country until she came to our own road again. She had a long jump, a mad over a marsh, but she made it, struck the rails, and away she went."

"You—don't—say—so!"

"I was now behind my train, and after a run of two miles I got control of the engine, ran up and coupled to the palace car, and went into Ashcox pushing the train ahead of me."

"Great Scott! And was no one hurt?"

"Not a soul, and not a thing broken. The superintendent played a mean trick on me, though."

"How?"

"Why, the farmer who owned the meadow paid the company \$18 for the stumps I had knocked out for him, while the cracked man charged \$9 for damages. The superintendent pocketed the balance of the money."

"The scoundrel! And how much are you paid a month?"

"Ninety dollars."

"That's for running on the road?"

"Yes."

"Nothing for lying?"

"Not a red."

"That's an outrage. The superintendent is an old friend of mine, and I'll see that you get the \$90 on the stumpage and a salary of \$200 a month as long as you live. It is such men as you who make a line popular."—New York Sun.

An Outlaw's Dumb Pickets.

There lives in a wilderness section of this (Columbia) county a hermit.

He has wielded a destructive knife and revolver in half a score of tragedies and is constantly on the alert, expecting to be assassinated. This man, who has forfeited the companionship of mankind, is guarded by animals that are well trained watchmen. He has a magic control of the brute creation, and owns six large goats and an equal number of dogs. His lonely cabin stands in the middle of a fifteen acre field. When he goes to plowing three of the dogs are placed at each side of the field at his row's end. The dogs are trained to patrol the adjacent forest, and no human being can approach without being exposed by these vigilant sentries.

At night the dogs and goats lie about the cabin—the goats within the yard enclosure and the dogs within. When any human being approaches these goats set up an unearthly series of bleating. The dogs within understand the signal and rush furiously at the intruder. Armed to the teeth the proprietor hails the visitor. If found to be a friend one word from the hermit silences both goats and dogs and the guest is invited in. Thus guarded the desperate man sleeps more securely than the czar, because, unlike the imperial cohorts of the latter, his faithful sentinels cannot be bribed or otherwise rendered unsafe by collusion with their owner's enemies.—Magnolia (Ark.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Glassmaking and Blindness.

There is one terrible circumstance in connection with the Venetian glass industry, and that is that after many years of work, when these good people are between 40 and 50 years of age, they begin to lose their sight, and after a short while are wholly blind. There seems to be no remedy for this unfortunate state of things, for many protective devices have been tried without success. The blindness is caused by the excessive heat and also by the glare of the never ceasing flames from the glass furnaces. It is some comfort to know that these poor victims to art are content to live very simply, and as their wages are high they are able to save large sums. Thus their declining years, although passed under such sad conditions, have not the additional misery which want entails.—Chambers Journal.

One for His Honor.

A sarcastic lawyer, during the trial of a case, made use of the expression: "Cast not your pearls before swine."

Subsequently, as he rose to make the argument, the judge facetiously remarked, "Be careful, Mr. S., not to cast your pearls before swine." "Don't be alarmed, your honor; I am about to address the jury, not the court."—Irish Times.

A Valuable Remedy.

A letter from S. P. Wardwell, Boston, says: "I used Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Catarrh Cure in 'June last for Hay Fever with great satisfaction, and find it the only thing I have seen which would allay, without irritating, the inflammation of the nostrils and throat. Its soothing and healing properties were marked and immediate." Large bottle, \$1. Clarke's Flax Soap is the latest and best. Price, 25 cents. Ask for them at Johnson & Johnson's Drug Store.

Fine liquor for medical purposes at Oppenheim Exchange.

EXECUTION ROCK LIGHT.

How Barriers are Guided Along the
Sound to Hell Gate.

About the first thing a traveler sees after passing between Throggs' Neck and Willet's point, the entrance to Long Island sound, is Execution Rock light, which towers into the air from the surrounding waste of waters. Here it has stood, if the tales of the Hell Gate pilots are to be believed, nigh on half a century, warning the mariner at night of the dangers of Execution rock, and guiding him on his true course over the long stretch of waters. The rock on which the light-house is erected derives its name, so the story runs, from the fact that during the Revolution a vessel of which the crew had mutinied ran ashore there through bad management of the mutineers, when they were overcome by their rightful officers and hanged on the rock.

The rocky inlet lies about four miles below Larchmont, and south-east of New Rochelle and Glen Island. It is also about two miles northeast of Sands point, on the Long Island shore. The tower, which is built of white stone, is circular in form, and is forty-seven feet high. It has an iron top which is painted black. The ground floor is used for the storage of the mineral oil used in feeding the lamps and various odds and ends. On the second floor is the double boiler, which supplies the fog horn with hot air, and also the machinery for forcing the air into the horn. The horn is situated on the floor above, and is of brass, the end projecting about six feet beyond the building. It sounds blasts of seven seconds' duration, with intervals of forty-three seconds. In case of an accident to the signal, the lighthouse is supplied with an Anderson fog horn, which is then sounded.

The light is situated in the upper story. The wall of this floor is formed of plates of glass of about four feet square. The light is white and fixed and is visible at a distance of thirteen miles. A large brass circular lamp with a foot and half glass chimney about three inches in diameter, furnishes the necessary illumination. The light is surrounded by a glass globe a foot in diameter.

On the west side, adjoining the tower, is a two-story granite dwelling in which the keeper, his family and assistant reside. The house is neatly furnished. It is built on a foundation of concrete and rock. The communication with the shore is by a whale-boat and a small rowboat. The keeper takes turns in watching, each being on duty alternate days from 1 a. m. till 1 a. m., a period of twenty-four hours.

A small library has been furnished by the lighthouse department. During the summer months there are many visitors, but during the winter the only persons seen are the Hell Gate pilots, who make this their boarding station. Supplies are obtained from this city and the lighthouse tug. The keeper's residence, according to the date under the eaves, was built in 1867. Previous to that time the second and third floors of the tower were used as a dwelling, but this place being needed for the fog horn, the house was erected. About a quarter of a century ago it was necessary to enter the station by crawling through a window on the east side, up to which the rowboats were hoisted.

The nearest light to Execution rock is at the extreme end of Sands point, L. I. This is a flashing white light, visible thirteen miles. The interval between its flashes is thirty seconds. The tower, which is forty-six feet high, is built of white stone and is at the entrance to Cow bay, adjoining the house is a dwelling of free stone occupied by the keeper. A short distance from the beach on the bay is the Sands Point pavilion, and back of this, on the high ground, is the Sands Point hotel. On the edge of the salt meadow is the old Sands house. It was a place of some importance during the Revolution in the secret service of passing money and news from Long Island to the American army on the mainland.

The place rendered another important service, more closely related to the present day. Capt. John Sands bought the estate in 1835, but he continued to follow the sea and ran a trading schooner between New York and Virginia. On one of these trips he brought home a quantity of young locust trees and planted them along this shore. They grew so well, and the timber was recognized as so valuable, that other people soon planted them from his stock. Thus Long Island and New England derived their supply of this wood from Sands point.

Among the other lights to be seen on the way from this city to Newport by boat are Blackwell's Island, North Brother's, Eaton's, Bridgeport, Old Field's, Horton Point, Cornfield, Saybrook, Plum Island, Falkner's Island, Gull, New Haven, New London, Race Rock, Long Beach, Point Judith, Beaver Tail, Bartlett's Reef, Little Gull, Gardiner's Island, Dutch Island, Polar Point, Prudence, Warwick, Newport Head, North Dumpling, Montauk, Stonington, Watch Hill and Block Island, north and south.—New York Telegram.

Electric Torpedoes.

Experiments have recently been made at Kiel by the German naval authorities on torpedoes made of paper and worked by electricity. The results are said to be satisfactory. The torpedo is about eleven feet long by sixteen inches in diameter, and is made of twelve layers of paper fourteen inches thick, compressed and varnished. The motor is mounted on three paper ribs, and driven from the ship on shore by a cable, the steering and ignition of the charge being controlled through the same cable.—Chicago Tribune.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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An Aged Wife-Beater.

By Associated Press.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., November 23. Patrick Dening, aged 65 years, of 1021 Stocker street, was arrested tonight charged with beating his wife Mary, about the same age. The woman is in the hospital, and the physician attending her says she cannot live.

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